

## TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL.

By FRANK P. MAC LEONAN.

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## FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization. The news is received in the State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

That burning question, "When does Lent end?" has been superseded by another, "How much did the necktie cost?"

The Mississippi river has evidently been discovered again. St. Louis is preparing to start a steel barge line between that city and New Orleans at a cost of \$2,000,000.

Another fatal automobile accident has occurred in Kansas City, Mo. One will happen in Topeka as sure as fate unless a little more care is used by the owners of some of the cars.

A poor excuse is probably better than none. So the men of New Jersey are reported to be staying away from church these days because so many of the women are wearing Merry Widow hats. It is to laugh.

Fred S. Jackson, the state's attorney general, is satisfied that a lumber trust exists in the state. Its scope, however, seems to be confined to the northwestern section of the state. That speaks well for the lumber dealers in this section.

Vic Murdoch appears to be the only Republican representative in congress who has the courage of his convictions. He voted with the Democrats against the adoption of some additional gag rules which give Mr. Cannon even more power than he has had, and he had more than a plenty.

Chicago has a fox terrier pup that understands three languages, French, German and English. This should not be taken to mean that he talks fluently in them, although it would not be surprising to get a story from Chicago that there was a talking dog in its midst.

President Roosevelt will likely be empowered to deal with Venezuela and Castro in whatever way the occasion may demand. It will not take many whacks nor will the stick have to be a big one to make the little dictator realize that he will have to behave himself.

They're surely great on seeing things out in Jewell county. And the latest unusual event to come within the vision of the folks there is an aurora borealis. If it were not for the fact that the prohibition law is strictly enforced in Jewell county, well—but what's the use of speculating.

Now is the time to drag the country roads and every man along them should lead his hand to put them in as good a condition as possible. In helping to make the roads good he will be helping himself. The township trustees should also extend such financial aid as they can for the betterment of the roads.

There does not seem to be any more of a business depression in the great Northwest than there is in this section of the country. The Northern Pacific is planning to spend \$1,500,000 immediately for additional freight cars. Hard times don't enjoy a long tenure of life in localities where bumper crops will not down.

If eleven of Italy's warships visit Turkey with business in their eyes it is likely that the sultan will settle such claims as Italians have against him in short order. The wearer of the royal fez is a cantankerous bluffer but he usually wits if there appears to be the slightest chance that anything serious might happen to him or his country.

Congress will probably take favorable action on the proposition to enlist 6,000 additional men for the navy. There ought not to be much trouble in getting them for it is likely that the present big cruise of the battleship fleet is but a beginning of other attractive cruises that will follow, cruises that almost anybody would be glad of a chance of taking.

No one will dare say a word now against the Merry Widow hats. Some of them worn by the women worshippers in the front pews of St. John's cathedral at St. Louis shut off the view of the altar from the rest of the congregation and prevented its members from seeing a fire which started by a candle igniting some paper flowers. Thereby what might have been a fire panic was averted. At least the St. Louis newspapers write up the incident to this effect.

Kansas is behind the times in one respect. She has no "favorite son" to boost for at either of the big conventions. But wait until there is a na-

tional primary law on the statute books. Kansas will then furnish any quantity of candidates for the presidential nominations for no man will need any backing then but his own energies and there are doubtless many men in the state right now who feel that they could discharge the duties of president in most excellent fashion.

## INTERCHANGING CITIZENS.

"Many farmers are crossing the line of the United States into the western provinces of Canada," says the Chicago Tribune. "The movement has attracted widespread attention. It has been encouraged by systematic work of publicity and promotion. The boomer has used all sorts of advertising devices to emphasize the advantages of the new country. That his services have been effective is undoubted. If Canadian figures are reliable several hundred thousand people have moved from the United States to these provinces since 1900.

"There is a steady movement of population in the other direction also. New England is filling up with immigrants from Canada. They are crowding the farms owned by the descendants of Pilgrim and Puritan. The old towns show the loss of names once common and the presence of families of entirely different origin. These Canadian-French settlers are changing rural conditions in New England completely. The fact of their steady increase is as apparent and, in a way, as striking as is that of the other migration in the northwest.

"There is another movement from Canada of men of business instincts rather than of agricultural or industrial tendencies. How great the volume of this steady flow is uncertain. But it is a matter of common observation that many Canadian clerks are at work in the United States. Only a good proportion of these follow up their migration to the south by seeking American citizenship.

"The outflow of population is more spectacular than the inflow. It causes alarm in the minds of many because it is the same sort of movement that accomplished so much in the development of the United States. The 'west' in changing localities was largely built up by settlers from the east, this latter term also being a movable one. Because of the knowledge of this splendid citizenship which is being lost Americans regret the restless search for new lands is carrying the pioneers across the border into Canada.

"It is the regret manifested by Governor Morris when speaking of the eastern opposition to the Louisiana purchase. He pictured the exuberant population of the eastern states flowing in a steady stream into the western wilderness. He declared that if that country were neglected or permitted to pass into the hands of a foreign power the fairest hope of posterity would be destroyed.

"The loss of good American stock is to be regretted. But the movement means progress. It means harmonious relationships between the northwestern states and the Canadian northwest. It means development of a new region of splendid citizens. It means betterment of conditions by those whose fathers and grandfathers sought the same thing by western migration. In this instance the United States loses as the older states lost before."

## ALL THE BLAME ON VERMIN.

Once we put the blame on the devil when we were sick. Then we laid it to God, under the name of a "mysterious dispensation of Providence." It turns out now that disease and pestilence are more and more certainly a mere matter of vermin. Rats cause bubonic plague. Mosquitoes give us malaria and yellow fever. Flies cause typhoid by not wiping their feet when they come in from their haunts in the germery. The sweating sickness and the sleeping sickness of Africa arise from insect bites.

The rats have fleas and the fleas have bubonic plague germs, and the germs infect persons whom the fleas bite. The rat merely carries the flea. The mosquito does not "enjoy" either yellow fever or malaria. He is merely "host" of the bacillus of these diseases, and gives them to us in a sincere and natural if not altogether blameless effort to suck our blood. It is really the misfortunes of the rats and the mosquitoes through which we suffer, and not any malice on their part.

Nevertheless it is war to the death against vermin for the future. Down with rats! Death to mosquitoes! A murrain upon flies! And it is affecting them by murrains and distempers that we shall get rid of them. Here's bad health to vermin!

A great preliminary skirmish has been won in the fight with rats. A German savant has developed a contagious disease that he gives to rats in the food and which they then take from each other, dying in myriads. When we think of the millions and millions of victims annually of bubonic plague in India, alone, we may rank the discoverer of "ratn" with the greatest benefactors of the race—from our point of view. The rats, of course, may regard it differently. And so, strange to say, will the Hindus. Their religion forbids the killing of rats—or other animals. While the plague is raging these deluded people will carefully destroy the poison set by the authorities for rats. They prefer to die of the plague rather than to have rats killed on their account. But when the rat population begins to die of "ratn" the Hindus will doubtless bow to the inevitable and accept the benefit of our ratnical enemies.

Let the reform proceed. Bring on your mosquito disease that will pass from hummer to buzzer, and wipe out the race. It will bring the blessing of civilization to New Jersey and other places. Its indirect effects will be incalculable. More epidemics for mosquitoes, please.

And fleas! Some scientist must soon produce the germ of the fly pestilence. Let it be set at work. Right now is a good time. The fly is an incorrigible

criminal. He will not wipe his feet, and his aversion to bathing and cleanliness makes him a dangerous associate for the children—or any of the rest of us. Because typhoid germs are harmless to him, he refuses to take any precautions in our favor. Produce the fly murrain, O Science, as soon as you can—and in the meantime we vow eternal feud with flies.

We are making progress. We know what we fight. And we have "ratn" for the rats. When we get "mosquitoon" and "flyn" we shall be going some.

## JOURNAL ENTRIES

The average musical critic is one that all music seems to irritate.

The girl who says "fudge" to everything may be said to give a sweet answer.

If children desire to be nice in company a good rule for them to follow is to do nothing they would like to do.

About the only sense of college training that some college graduates show are decided limps they received through athletic sports.

A perfect dialogue is when two women talk with each other, and the perfect monologue is when a woman carries on a conversation with her husband.

## JAYHAWKER JOTS

There are two dailies in Great Bend and there will be a third if M. Daley succeeds in his ambition to be elected sheriff.

The Anthony Bulletin does not now remember of anything the dandelion is good for except to make poetry and other trouble.

An accident occurred in Neesho county last week in which, the correspondent says, a man had "both limbs and an arm broken."

In the Garnett band great effect is gained by the base drummer, who quits his thumping long enough to whistle an aria in one piece.

Miss Mateel Howe, daughter of the Atchison Globe, recently received a cash prize of \$500 for an article descriptive of Portland, Ore.

Several Herington people attended the Messiah concert at Lindsborg last Sunday and they allow that it was good, but not up to the opera.

The Butler county commissioners are going to make a tour of the state to pick out the kind of a court house they will buy for El Dorado.

One day last week was as beautiful as the first of the Noodena Register declared it was "good to be alive." From this it might be inferred that there are days when Mr. Wiley has doubts.

An Atchison man, the Globe says, borrowed a plug horse from a Missourian. "It is good enough to drive around with," remarked the Missourian, "but don't start to go any place with it."

Alex Butts, of the Kansas City Star, who is a Kansas product of whom all newspaper folk are proud, is taking a long vacation, and may journey around the globe, after all, and not the law, which really counts.—Leavenworth Times.

## FROM OTHER PENS

## THE AUTO RACE.

A part of the New York-to-Paris auto race is complete and every American is pleased at the showing made by the American drivers. The whole country is hoping that it will be able to maintain the lead it has taken. While other cars are running through the southwest portions of the country, the American drivers, at Seattle, awaiting instructions, before proceeding on its way.

It has been charged that the lead of the American car is due to the assistance rendered it here and the discrimination against the drivers of the other cars. This, however, sounds more like the wall of a poor sportsman who sees he is losing. It is true that the people living along the route did not work up as much enthusiasm over the progress of the foreigners as they did over the American car, but it is good for them to be praised rather than chided for this.

Of course the American car has had the advantage of being at home during the progress of the race until this morning, when now it will be on equal footing with the others.

Not a single complaint has been made by people living along the route taken by the racers and instead of getting out with shotguns to stop the foreign cars, the eastern farmers grew to call the gasoline carts, the country people cheered them on their way. All America is interested in the outcome of the race.—Salina Journal.

## THE PEOPLE, NOT THE LAWS.

Topeka, Kansas City and Wichita hasten to say that if the Kansas legislature next winter will pass the Des Moines law, they will support the present defective Kansas city commission law, they will vote to adopt it. As a reform measure the Iowa law goes considerably further than the Kansas law, including among other features the power of recall. But Leavenworth voted to adopt the commission plan, and there is every indication that it is going to be satisfied with the Kansas statute. The mayor and commissioners have already determined upon a programme that will certainly save the city several thousands of dollars a year, even though the city funds are at low ebb. Many of the faults of the Kansas commission law can be avoided if the Kansas cities will follow the example of Leavenworth and elect men who will give them an honest business administration. If the population of any city can not arouse this degree of interest in the welfare of the city, and put good men in office, it is doubtful if any city commission law, no matter how perfect it may be, will give them a great deal of help. It is the people, after all, and not the laws, which really counts.—Leavenworth Times.

## NOT HER SOUL MATE.

A divorce that is attracting some attention is that of the Missourians, wife of a lieutenant of the marine corps. She says that he was good to her, and kind, but that they were wandering in spiritual darkness, and that by separating from him she can reach a "spiritual unfolding." This new fad is going to make it harder for the divorce courts.

After a man has brought in the water and split the wood, and given a woman all his wages she can still insist he is not her soul mate, and leave him puzzled over what ails him.—Atchison Globe.

## KANSAS COMMENT

## A LABOR PARADOX.

Two singular phenomena of the labor situation have recently appeared in the east. One day last week a paper in New York city contained a letter from a New York farmer stating that while complaints are heard from unemployed labor in the cities the farmers cannot get the first of the week. The production of their farms, and the unemployed would not go out there to work. The next day the same paper contained letters from two representatives of organizations for the relief of the unemployed, stating that each had hundreds of men who would be glad of work on farms at the wages named.

This presents a peculiar and paradoxical condition. The leading facts beyond dispute. On the one hand are farms half tilled for lack of labor. On the other in the cities are men unemployed and alleged to be glad of the chance to work on farms. Yet for some reason they do not work together. There seems to be something in our methods of late years that concentrates the labor in the cities and leaves the farms and the fields where the work of the farmer is done, and yet the unemployed are not met. It is hard to find a clear explanation of the peculiarity. But it does not suggest that the agencies for labor employment have been organized solely to meet the requirements of large industrial employers and entirely ignore the importance of securing a more permanent distribution of labor and employment. It is a paradox that is not to be solved by economic methods were less concentrated and permitted the distribution of industries throughout rural sections the laborers might be closer to the farms when industrial reaction forced them to seek a new field.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## ADENOIDS.

The newest slogan of the educators is, "Look out for the adenoids!" Some of the more radical of our pedagogues claim that these glands are accountable for three-fourths of the so-called backwardness in school children, and the first thing that a physician asks when a student is backward is, "Has the child ever been examined for adenoids?" These growths affect primarily the cavity lying at the base of the nasal passage, and project above the soft palate, and may make their appearance in early infancy. The region affected is the seat of one of the three tonsils, of which the other two are the adenoids.

The result is that the air passages through the nose are shut off, the child resorts to mouth breathing, goes about all the time with mouth half open, which imparts a look of general stupidity, and very frequently really becomes stupid for the reason that nature, in an effort to preserve an air passage through the nose, raises the hard palate higher and higher, thus encroaching upon the brain space and impairing the mentality of the sufferer. Semi-idioty is often the consequence of neglected treatment, and the general health always suffers.—Detroit News.

Every woman believes that her soul grades higher than her husband's because she looks at the flowers when they go to bed to dinner, and he looks at the meat.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

[From the New York Press.]

A man who can prove he has brains knows he never has to.

It would be very nice to have so much money your family didn't need it.

The time a woman has scruples about playing cards for money is after she loses.

A good way for men to refrain from drinking too much is not to be able to get it.

What a woman likes about keeping house is how much better she thinks she does it than any of her friends.

## THE CRAZE.

She roller-skated greatly—'twas the chief of her delights;

She roller-skated mornings and she roller-skated nights;

She always roller-skated when the sky was blue and the sun shone brightly;

And, too, she roller-skated when the day was damp and wet.

She roller-skated up the street, she roller-skated down;

In fact she roller-skated all around the blooming town.

Where'er she skated pavement led she'd roller-skate, and thus

She roller-skated herself around and skate it o'er again.

She roller-skated on her calls, she ditted to the shops;

She even roller-skated past the bristling, She roller-skated friends away, she roller-skated me;

She roller-skated till her ma has got in-sane.

And I've no doubt that on a day, the marriage contract signed,

She'll roller-skate adown the aisle, her mother behind her, and

And later on, when it's her time to see I'll bet she'll look up to them on a pair of roller-skates.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

## In a Microbe Factory.

Among the most important government institutions at Washington is a microbe factory. It belongs to the war department and makes a business of turning out germs of all kinds of diseases in quantities, breeding them in great numbers and taking them upon specially prepared jelly foods.

The establishment in question, which is under the charge of Dr. William Gray, is one of the principal laboratories of Uncle Sam's health service. Whenever a new and interesting "pathogenic" microbe turns up—such as the long sought germ of the deadly Panama fever, which was discovered in the Panama canal, or a painstaking examination at the factory. It is bred on scientific principles in a specially constructed incubator, provided with every luxury of diet that its fancy demands and even furnished with living prey in the shape of monkeys, rabbits, or guinea pigs. In order that it may have a chance to show exactly how it accomplishes its deadly work.

The results obtained are well worth the trouble expended. For when a disease microbe has been satisfactorily identified and its life history fully ascertained, it is then taken out of its petri dish and put into a series of glass bottles, which are easily found. For one thing, various poisons are tried upon it and the one that seems most deadly is likely to prove, for obvious reasons, the most effective medicine for the malady when given in judicious doses to a person attacked by it.

There is, however, an entirely new idea which is soon to be applied in the case of typhoid fever, but for the prevention of typhoid—that deadly disease which decimates troops so frightfully in the field. It already has proved successful in Germany. Batches of typhoid germs, artificially bred on gelatine, are subjected to a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit for one hour, thereby killing them, and their dead bodies are then used for the purpose of "vaccine," being introduced by inoculation into the veins of the soldier. Though the microbes themselves are no more, their poison remains in the body, and when utilized in the manner described, gives immunity against the dreaded malady.

The capacity of the laboratory in Washington is sufficient to turn out, in any one day, as many as many billions of typhoid germs as might be required, when thus employed, to vaccinate the entire population of the United States. There are, however, many other diseases which seem to be amenable to treatment by this novel process, the microbe "cultures" in each case being available, when their vitality has been destroyed by "vaccine,"—Chicago Tribune.

## Wolves Are Wary Animals.

One of the prominent men of the Big Hole section who was in the city expressed the opinion that there were only a few wolves left in the country, and that the few made it mighty interesting for the stockmen. He says these wolves are very hard to trap, refuse to take poison, and that the most expert hunter, much of the time for weeks without getting within rifle shot of one.

There are not more than a dozen wolves in the whole watershed of the Big Hole river," said this gentleman. "And one of the best hunters in this country, Fred Francis, who is familiar with every nook and cranny of the valley, is of the opinion there are not more than half a dozen. I am willing to admit, however, the few there are make life a burden for the stockmen."

"Every man in the Big Hole carries a rifle, whether on horseback or traveling on foot, and is ready to shoot on or attend church, in anticipation of getting an opportunity to kill a wolf and secure the big bounty offered for the head of the animal. The prominent ranchmen and stockmen who reside near Chalk Bluffs have secured several hundred dollars in subscriptions from the ranchmen to pay a bounty of \$25 for each wolf scalp in addition to the bounty of \$10 paid by the state. It is said that not more than twenty wolves have been killed in the last few years, but in that time thousands of dollars' worth of stock has been destroyed by these pests."

"So far as known, only one wolf has been killed in the Big Hole, and that was thirteen years ago. They are more wary and cunning than a fox, and can smell a trap a mile away; they take poison, and as their depredations are committed in the early dawn or in the night, it is seldom that one is seen, even by the most astute hunter. So all in all the wolf question is a difficult proposition to deal with."—Anaconda Standard.

## A Canon Anecdote.

Speaker Cannon one evening stood in the receiving line at the Washington residence of Vice President Fairbanks, passing kindly word and grip with friends as they came along. At length his own daughter approached, and, drawing up his spare frame and holding out his hand in formal fashion and inquired with well assumed distastefulness: "Your name, please?"

"Lydia Pinkham," replied Miss Cannon.

"Well, Lydia, my dear, we are well met," the speaker responded, "for I guess there's just about as much good in your name as there is in my presidential boom."—Chicago Evening Post.

## Curious Hobbies.

In Iceland horses are shod with sheep's horns, while in the Sudan they are shod with camel's skin.

A German not long ago invented a homeshod of paper, prepared by saturating with oil of turpentine and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained. The shoes thus made are said to be durable and impervious to moisture.—London Globe.

## THE EVENING STORY

## Cinderella's Mask.

(By Ethel Barrington.)

As the sound of sleighbells broke the quiet of the room, Miss Mercer clenched her teeth, to keep back threatening tears, as she gazed at the first silver chime rang through the room, the guests amid gay rally, threw off their masks.

Augusta, casting one startled glance about her, sprang to her feet, then, ignominiously fled like Cinderella, out the door, leaving Fitzray to stare at her empty chair. Reaching the hall a moment later, the young man caught a glimpse of vanishing drapery on the stairs.

"I am truly sorry," the latter replied; "Jane said you sent for me to help you. What can I do?"

"Take my place in the minuet," "Oh, no, I couldn't do that!"

"You'll have to," groaned Miss Mercer, with decision. Being fond of Augusta Park, she treated the young dependent with confidence and consideration beyond her position, but expected, in return, cheerful yielding to her own whims or comfort. "I'll write to Aunt Enid, explaining the accident to my ankle, and that you will take my place; that the dance need not be abandoned. It's fortunate you played for some of the rehearsals, and can wear my gown."

"I really cannot," Genuine distress rang in the young girl's voice. "I am all your friends, I am not in society."

"When I wanted you to play the other night, you made no fuss. Remember the act of charity, if it helps you, but go."

"Not to Mrs. Fitzray's—I won't enter her doors."

The invalid raised herself on her elbow regarding in astonishment the flushed cheeks of the other girl.

"That sounds as if you held some sort of grudge against aunt, and I doubt if you ever met her."

"Augusta shook her head. "Don't be a goose, then," Miss Mercer shifted her cushions with a little mouse of pain. "Bring that low chair and let me talk to you. Now listen," she said, "I have a direction for you to obeyed, 'it would be wickedly selfish not to save the situation. Aunt's masked ball has been looked forward to as one of the great events of the season, and you must not let it slip."

"You must not let it slip," she said, "it would be the piece de resistance. Aunt will never forgive me if I am the cause of its being cut off."

"It would be ridiculous for me in my position to take part in it," objected the governess.

"Who will know or care, so long as they get their fun?"

"If it were only somewhere else," Augusta faltered, whereupon Miss Mercer turned the averted face toward her, holding it firmly by the chin, to study the expression.

"You are sure for the moment, something back, she accused. "Be honest, oh, it's not possible." She half started up from the lounge, to drop back, breathing quickly. "So you're the girl," she said; "you might have trusted me."

"There was nothing to tell. I wouldn't marry into a family where I was not wanted."

"Morgan said he would choose his own wife, and my cousin is not one to change where his affections are concerned. Of course, I now understand your refusal of my request, but you must not regret the matter. No one can recognize you with a mask, and you can leave directly after the minuet. I'll mention no name, merely write my aunt that a friend has been unable to substitute. She'll be too busy to be curious."

Thus it happened that when the ball opened Augusta, a mere nobody, was among the envied debutantes who sat in the front row, and she was thrilled at being in the house of the man she loved, and the possibility of learning how it had fared with him during the three years of silence which had buried their happy courtship.

When Morgan's parents had discovered his attachment for an unknown college student, bitter scenes followed, resulting in the young man leaving Harvard to win independent success in life.

Augusta's pride forbade her corresponding with him, and, after graduation, she remained in the young man leaving Harvard to win independent success in life. Augusta's pride forbade her corresponding with him, and, after graduation, she remained in the young man leaving Harvard to win independent success in life. Augusta's pride forbade her corresponding with him, and, after graduation, she remained in the young man leaving Harvard to win independent success in life.

The brilliantly illumined ballroom was crowded when the eight young couples swept into the center. The men in picturesque square cuts, of gray or black, with white shirts, white with frothy spangles and garlands of mistletoe. Augusta, relying on her mask, entered into the dance with a grace and spirit that caused many of the spectators to stare. She was out for favor. Rising from a deep courtesy, her eye was drawn to one of the guests, who regarded her intently. Some one in the crowd shouted, "There, the firmness of the chin, visible beneath the black mask, set her heart beating wildly; this, to be followed by a sudden chill of the blood when she remembered that Morgan had a wife."

Nervous with alarm, she never knew how she followed the intricacies of the dance, though she must have asked of herself well, since the flowers that pelted the dancers at the end, a generous share fell at her feet. Then, silent among a laughing throng, she realized that her part in the play was at an end. Pride and duty demanded her withdrawal.

"I have secured your trophies," announced some one at her side, as she reached the hall, and with a thrill of joy she knew that Morgan had indeed returned. To leave before he recognized her became of vital importance. Yet how to tear herself away, when her heart was in a tumult for his presence.

"You will permit me," he begged, taking her card. "I'm sure the next is a wait."

Augusta, shaking her head, endeavored to slip away.

"You can't vanish, so," he challenged, dropping his mask. "Will you follow suit, or must I wait the witching hour of twelve to solve the mystery?"

"Mystery?" repeated Augusta, in a curiously muffled voice.